

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

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DEMOCRAT.

North Branch Canal.

Removal.—The Collectors office, heretofore located at Berwick, on the North Branch Canal, has been removed three miles above to Beach Haven, in Luzerne county, pursuant to the directions of the Canal Commissioners. The Collectors' Office and Weigh Lock, are now both located at Beach Haven, where the Boatman can have their clearance and certificate furnished at the same time bringing the operations of the two offices into concert and harmony. JAMES S. CAMERON, Esq., Collector, and E. H. LITTLE, Esq., Weigh Master.

Well said.—Our comical friend Winchester, of the Wyoming Co. Democrat, amongst many other good sayings, last week, made the following pun:—"The weather continues cold and every thing is 'backward in coming forward.'"

The Messrs. Youngman, of the Sunbury Gazette, have just put in operation one of Hoe & Co's best hand Press, upon which they now print that excellent democratic paper.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—We have received several numbers of this valuable publication. It is devoted entirely to Science and mechanics, and should be in the hands of those who feel an interest in the progress of improvement. The Scientific American is now publishing an essay on the amendment of the existing Patent Laws, for which the publishers have paid \$100. This work may be had at \$2.00 per year. Address Munn & Co., New York.

Accident.—The Danville Democrat, of last week, says that on Tuesday a boy named Wm. HARRIS, aged about 15 years, had his leg broken about the knee joint. It was caught between the car-wheel and an ore-bank. Amputation may be necessary to preserve the little fellow's life.

IT HAS NOT PAID EXPENSES.—The editor of the New York Tribune still insists that the "Taylorization of the Whig party has not paid expenses." Hear it?

"There was once a party in this country, to which it was our pride and pleasure to belong, united by a common attachment to certain leading principles touching the proper action of the Federal Government. That party was called the Whig party."

Grevelly does not like to be called a "Taylor Republican" any better than he likes the result of the Virginia election. "There was once" a whig party! Where is it now? An echo from Virginia answers, where?

A Wrong yet Unrequited.

The people of this entire section and the public in general are still deprived of the advantages of a Daily Mail from Pottsville. The thing is wrong and we should think the powers that be at Washington, would have so much respect for the public convenience and their own interests, as to grant their rational request, which is, that the P. M. at Fountain Springs, in Schuylkill county, be directed by the Department, to send a Daily Mail, instead of a tri-weekly one, to Bloomsburg. It can be sent daily without additional expense to the Government. It should be done immediately. What say you, Mr. P. M. G.

The new School Law.

The following is given as a summary of the principal alterations in the School Law, as established by the bill recently passed:—

The Directors are empowered to levy a tax sufficient to keep the Schools open not more than ten months in each year. The Schools are required to be kept open at least four months in each year.

The Treasurer of the school fund is made the collector of school taxes. The Collector is to fix a time and place, when and where he will receive the School taxes, and is to receive two per cent. for collecting. If it is not paid at the time designated, the Constable is to collect it. Sub-Districts are not interfered with—where the Committee of a sub-district and the Directors disagree to the employment of a teacher, the people of the sub-district have the right to elect a teacher, who must, however, have been first examined by the Directors.

All money subject to taxation for State and County purposes, are made subject to School tax.

The State appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars is continued; but it is not made the basis of taxation.

The people do not vote on the question of taxation.

The Superintendent is required to furnish to each school a copy of the new map of the State of Pennsylvania—large size.

POETRY.

The Press.

(Sung at the Printers' Festival, Boston, on Saturday evening, April 14)

Let monarchs revel while they may,
And dream their goblet's bright;
No hearts so free or gay as we,
On this our festival night:
We need no regal pageant here,
No banners wreathed with fame—
For brighter far our trophies are,
Our history and our name!

Each Printer lives himself a King,
A monarch in his night,
And Throne and Crown must topple down,
When he is in the right—
And o'er the world his banner waves,
Where Freedom's song is told,
The Printed Page—the Truths of Age,
And glorious Song of old!

High honor to the noble Art!
By far the brightest gem
That ever shone in Freedom's hue
From Freedom's diadem!
E'en now it gleams the guiding star,
Far distant o'er the wave,
Where millions fight to gain the right
Of Freedom, or a grave!

Then brothers let our Daily Toil
Be sung in festal strains!—
While hands shall sing or weapons ring
On earth's wide battle plains.
Or while one Tyrant's throne is left
For Truth to trample down,
Our mystic Art will bear its part
Of glory and renown!

The Printer's Hour of Peace.

Know ye the Printer's hour of peace!
Know ye an hour more fraught with joy?
Than ever felt the maid of Greece,
When kissed by Venus' am'rous boy?

'Tis not when round the mazy case,
His nimble fingers kiss the TYPE;
Nor is it when, with lengthened face,
The sturdy DEVIL'S TAIL he grips.

'Tis not when news of dreadful note
His columns all with MEXICO fill;
'Tis not when brother printers quote
Th' effusion of his stump-worn quill.

'Tis not when in Miss FANCY'S glass
Long ADVERTISEMENTS meet his eye,
And seem to whisper as they pass,
We'll grace your columns by and by!"

No—rather no—the Printer's hour,
His hour of real sweet repose,
Is not when by some magic power
His list of patrons daily grows.

But, oh! 'tis when the weather's clear,
Or clad in hail, or rain, or vapor,
He hears in accents soft and dear—
"I've come to PAY you for the PAPER."

Conundrums.

Why is a lean monarch like a studious man? Because he is a thin-king.

Why is a marriage contract like black silk cord? Because it's binding.

Why is it useless to send a message by the electric telegraph? Because, after all, it must come by the post.

When is growing corn like a regiment choosing a chief commander? When the kernel is being formed.

What portion of the globe is most verdant? Greenland.

Seasonable Hints.

Sub-soils.—A close sub-soil may keep the water around the roots of plants at one time, and at another keep the moisture from rising to them. You can make almost anything out of soil that will bear the sub-soil plow to the depth of 15 or 20 inches.

Peach Trees.—Soon after the fruit is formed, remove the earth about three inches for two feet around, and fill the place with charcoal dust.

Plant Flowers.—If any sour hunk says flowers are of no use, ask him what the rainbow was made for. Plant flowers.

Shade Trees.—There are few men whose friends will build them a monument so honorable or so durable as he builds for himself who plants a shade elm or maple.

Shrub Fruit.—Your crops of currants, gooseberries and raspberries, will improve if you dig up the old plants once in three or four years, and plant young bushes.

Propagating Currants and Gooseberries.—When you plant cuttings, remove all the buds or eyes on that part which goes into the ground. This will prevent the annoyance of suckers from the roots.

Beauty without virtue is like a flower without perfume.

ORIGINAL.

Random Shots.—No. 15.

BY NONDESCRIBT.

School Teachers.

If there is any station, more than another, which requires, more especially, a peculiar talent and cast of mind; it is the Teacher of a public school. Where are crowded together, as under one system, boys and girls, young men, women, and children; it requires more tact, discretion and management to succeed well, than generally falls to the lot of those entrusted with the education of youth.

It requires patience, tact, talent, ingenuity and firmness: to make aschool all that the public good demands. The most lamentable deficiency is often manifested by Teachers, in almost every respect. Those whose business it is to obtain, employ and support a competent man; are in most cases deplorably remiss in their duty. Can it be expected that a man who has spent much time and money in fitting himself for the profession or calling of a common school Teacher, is either able or willing to undertake a severe and laborious occupation, for inadequate compensation? I do not so much blame a man who is notoriously incompetent for taking a school; but I do blame a board of directors who make themselves asses, by employing such a man. They are the most egregious fools and greatest knaves of the two.

At the same time, a man who knows himself unfit to fill the station to which he aspires, and who must, in his sober moments acknowledge his incompetency, (of course no insinuation against General Taylor is intended) should be held up to public scorn and indignation. Such a man is, with malice aforethought swindling the public and obtaining money under false pretences. A Teacher should be a man of extensive and varied information. He should be master of every branch he pretends—general literature; so that he can explain, illustrate and enforce his positions and opinions.

The most successful, and at the same time most delightful way of fixing a lesson in the mind, and of rendering a study interesting and entertaining to the young mind is by oral instruction. A Teacher should have his mind stored with apothegms, illustrations and comparisons. Very few studies are in themselves interesting to a beginner, but there are none which cannot be made so, by a competent master. It is then of the greatest importance that such an one should be selected to fill this post, the well filling of which, is so essential to the welfare of the union and the happiness of its citizens.

The first step then in so great a desideratum, would be the electing as officers, men of mind and discernment, men who would be willing to give a fair compensation for a good Teacher.

But this is not all, for many men whose education fits them in every respect for this delicate station; are still deficient either in energy, tact or morality. It is of the greatest importance that the Teacher should not be objectionable in this point. One example will do more in a school, than half a dozen precepts. This should be borne in mind by the selecting and examining committee, as well as by the man asking for a situation. Religion is profitable unto all things. A high tone of honor, sentiment and feeling, are most powerful auxiliaries in the moral conduct and successful government of a promiscuous public school.

Again: a Teacher should use every scholar with marked respect. Respect a man and he will respect you. Make him believe you esteem and think well of him and he will endeavor to deserve your good opinion. Do not make a public example of a scholar, except on very special occasions or when it is seen, that a private reprimand at different times, has failed in effect.

This last remark I dedicate particularly to Teachers. Provoke not a scholar to wrath. Study well the character of the child with whom you are dealing. Be

firm as the rock, but gentle as the dove.— Show to a pupil on all occasions a kind and smiling countenance. Display no anger and harbor no vindictive spirit. No school will honor and love a Teacher, unless he shows in his manner toward them and in his solicitude for their welfare, their happiness; that he take an interest in all relating to them.

I once knew a Teacher who would not speak to a pupil, even a young man, on the street; and went so far as to say, "he did not thank any of his scholars to speak to him out of school." No wonder he was universally unpopular. Parents will not respect a teacher who does not pay respect to their children. No general rules for the conduct and management of a school can be given. There is one command however that will answer every purpose and that is *obey*.

You should always request a pupil to do a thing and not order it. You will be obeyed with much more alacrity. Mankind generally would rather obey a request than a command. No printed regulations are necessary in school. No whip is indispensable. It requires only care, vigilance and kindness.

Be careful, and don't go near the woods for some time yet—the trees are beginning to shoot.

A friend observes that he always looks under the marriage head for the news of the week.

When brokers are short-necked men, steaks must necessarily be low.

From the New York Express, May 5.

Most Extraordinary Case.

A most infamous attempt was made yesterday to destroy the lives of Thos. Warner, Esq., and his family, that has ever been known in this city. The means adopted was by what is familiarly known in the Old World by the name of an "internal machine." It appears that on Thursday night between 9 and 10 o'clock, during Mr. Warner's absence from the city a box was left at the door of his house, 18 City Hall Place, having on it, written in a bold business like hand, though evidently disguised, "Thomas Warner, Esq., 18 City Hall Place—confidential." Mr. W. did not return until yesterday, and when he went home was told of the box having been left there, and it formed the subject of conversation at dinner, and while the family were engaged eating their dinner, the box was brought down into the basement, and Mr. W. found that it was wrapped up in a newspaper of March 26, 1849. Mr. Warner had previously given directions to his son to open the box and see what it contained, but his suspicions being excited, he proceeded to do it himself, and slowly drew the sliding lid about half way when he saw a blue and yellow flame arise from it, and with the utmost presence of mind, he quickly fled to his wife and son to leave the room, and ran out himself. Immediately afterwards an explosion took place which shook the whole building, and the report was heard a long distance from the house. Returning to the room he found that the explosion had partly blown down the partition wall, shattered one of the doors into pieces, and partly broken another door. The lower sashes of both windows were entirely blown out, and the glass broken into small fragments, and the crockery on the table broken into pieces. One of the pictures hanging up in the room, appears to have been perforated by two balls. The fragments of the box show that it was made of mahogany, about half an inch thick with a sliding cover.

The City Reporter of the Globe, adds the following particulars:—

The box was delivered to the servant girl, about 10 o'clock on Tuesday evening, and, in the absence of her husband, Mrs. Warner, with the curiosity natural to her sex, attempted to open it; but a piece of tow, which hindered the lid from opening, deterred her, and it was only on the dinner-table of the family, in the basement of the building, that Mr. Warner first saw the villainous affair. This occurred about 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, and it is also owing to his presence of mind, in warning his family on the instant, of the terrible danger that awaited them, they were enabled to escape unhurt. The face of the rascal who left it was painted black, and he evidently intended to disguise himself so that he could not be easily identified, which he has unfortunately been enabled most effectually to do. Mr. Warner offers a reward of \$500 dollars for the arrest and conviction of the villain, and we think the city authorities should increase the sum to a thousand. The box was evidently fabricated for the purpose to which it has been applied, and everything in relation to it betokens the most unprincipled and heartless concealment. There was no used paper on the lid, but a coating of glue, on the inside, was charged with a quantity of sharp grit, which operating on the faces of some half a dozen bunches of lococo matches, most completely fired this infernal Machine, communicating with six ministers of Hazard's best rifle powder, the box being otherwise filled with saws and balls.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Showman Outwitted.

The menagerie was in town. A rare occurrence was an exhibition of the wild beasts—lions, tigers, polar bears and ichneumons—in Baltimore, at the early days of which we are writing, yet they came occasionally and this time were visited by old Nat Wheately, a jolly weather-beaten boatman, well known in Baltimore as an inveterate joker, who never let any one get to the windward of him. He was furthermore a statterer of the first class.

Nat visited the menagerie. As he entered the showman was stirring up the monkey, and tormenting the lion, giving elaborate descriptions of the various propensities and natural peculiarities of each and all.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, this, I say, is the Afrikin Lion. A noble beast he is, ladies and gentlemen, as is called the King of the forest; I have often heard that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures of every description, when at home in the woods. Caring it is, that no other beast can whip him!"

"M-m-mister?" interrupted Wheately, "do y-you say he c-can't be wh-whipped?"

"I duz," said the man of the Lions and tigers.

"Wh-what w-will you b-b-bet I c-can't f-f-fetch a critter what'll wh-whip him?"

"I aint a bettin' man at all. But I don't object taking a bet to that effect."

"I'll b-b-bet I c-can f-f-fetch s-s-something that will wh-whip him. Wha-at s-say t-to a h-h-hundred d-d-dollars?"

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Wheately well, and were fully convinced that if the bet was made, he was sure of winning. So he had no difficulty in finding "backers," one of whom told him he would give him ten gallons of rum if he won. The menagerie man glanced at his lion. There he crouched in his cage, his shaggy mane bristling, and his tail sweeping, the very picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting, and he felt assured.

"C-erting, sir, c-erting: I have no objections to old Hercules taking a bout with any critter you c-can fetch."

"V-very w-well," said Nat, "it's a b-bet."

The money was plunked up, and the next night was designated for the terrible conflict. The news was spread over Baltimore, and at an early hour the boxes of the spacious theatre were filled—the pit being cleared for the affray.

Expectation was on tip-toe, and it was with great impatience that the crowd awaited the arrival of Wheately. He at length entered, bearing a large bag or sack on his shoulders, which as he let it fall on the floor, was observed to contain some remarkable hard and heavy substance. The keeper looked on with indignation.

"Where's your animal?" he inquired.

"Th-th-here," said Nat, pointing with his finger at the bag.

"Well, what is it?" asked the man with increasing astonishment. "Th-th-that, ladies and gentlemen," said Nat, gesticulating like the showman, "is a wh-wh-whim-bamper!"

"A whim-bamper?" echoed the keeper. "That's certainly a new feature in zoology and anatomy. A whim-bamper! Well, let him out, or clear the ring, or old Hercules may make a mouthful of both of you."

The keeper was excited. Accordingly Nat raised the bag, holding the aperture downward, and out rolled a huge snapping turtle, while the cheers and laughter of the audience made the arches ring.

"Th-th-here he is!" said Wheately, as he tilted the whim-bamper over with both hands, and set him on his legs. The snapping seemed unconscious of his peril.—Wheately was about leaving the ring, when the keeper swore that his lion should not disgrace himself by fighting such a pitiable foe.

"V-very well," said Nat, "if y-you ch-chose to give me the h-h-hundred d-d-dollars—"

"But it's unfair!" said the showman.

The audience interposed and insisted upon the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion,

making himself secure on the top of the cage.

The majestic beast moved slowly around the ring, snuffing and lashing, while every person held his breath in suspense. Lions are prying beasts, and this one was not long in discovering the turtle, which lay on the floor, a high inanimate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, which the turtle not liking, popped out his head and rolled his eyes, while a sort of wheeze issued out of its savagerous mouth. The lion jumped back, turned, and made a spring at the turtle, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the lion landed on him, the turtle fastened his terrific jaws on the lion's nostrils, rendering him powerless to do harm—yet with activity of limb he bounded around the circle, growled, roared, and lashed himself, but the snapper hung on, seeming to enjoy the ride vastly.

"G-go it, whim-bamper!" cried Wheately from the boxes.

The scene was rich. The showman was no less enraged than the lion. Drawing a pistol, he threatened Nat that if he didn't take his turtle off, he'd shoot him.

"Fa-ta-take him off yourself!" shouted Nat in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of losing a portion of his nose, the lion shook the dangerous foe from him, and clearing the space between him and the cage with a bound, he slunk quietly in, to chew the bitter end of his defeat and pain.

It was a fair fight, all declaring that the "whim-bamper" was the victor. The next day Nat carried his turtle to market and sold him. So this valiant champion, after conquering the king of beasts, served to make a dinner for Baltimore epicures.

Great Natural Curiosity.

Most of our readers have no doubt heard it stated that Col. Fremont, in his late tour across the Rocky Mountains, captured a most extraordinary animal, covered with fine, curly wool, and appearing to partake of the Horse, the Buffalo, the Antelope, &c. and for which naturalists are at a loss to find a name. This wonderful animal, we learn, has been secured at a great expense, by T. P. BARNUM, Esq., the gentlemanly and indefatigable proprietor of the American Museum, N. York, and is now being exhibited to admiring multitudes in the Eastern States.

Whether Mr. Barnum can be induced to visit Pennsylvania with this rare animal, we know not, yet many of the scientific and curious will no doubt see it even at the expense of a trip to New York. We find it thus described in the *Luzerne Democrat*:—

"This uncommon and rare animal seems to be of the horse species—or at least the horse kind seems to be its prevailing feature. It is fourteen hands high, which would be about the height of a middle sized nag. It has the head, ears, eyes, nostrils and neck of a horse, perfect—the shoulder bones project forward and rise higher than the horse—the body very much resembles the giraffe—running in a straight line from the withers to the root of the tail—the foreparts being much higher than the hind parts. It has a tail resembling a rat's—without hair, and terminating with a sharp point. Its color is a dusky white resembling a camel—and the whole body, neck and head is covered with wool—like the short thick wool of a lamb.

The legs are very straight and composed of bone, sinew and skin very little flesh on them. It has the hoof of the horse.

Col. Fremont represents this animal as having been discovered in a mountainous country on the Sierra Nevada—and speculation as to what it is or what it came from originally would seem to be of little avail. It has yet to have a name and the probability is that nature in one of her freaks has sent into the world an animal of the horse species but with such variations as to forge the original. Like the tune of Yankee Doodle as they now play it with the variations, which said variations have destroyed Yankee Doodle! So with the horse—the variations prevail to such an extent as to counterfeit almost the original.

The above description we learn from a gentleman of this place who saw the animal—and it is only confirmatory of what we have heard of it before. It has a tremendous run of visitors, and as a matter of course the owner will grow very rich.

In Germantown, the night mare is now termed a "nocturnal horse of the feminine gender"—*Maj. Freas.*

The Emperor of Brazil, early in March, gave a public reception at his palace in Rio Janeiro to 2000 American emigrants to California.